you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claudio Know you any, Hero?

Hero None my lord.

Frier Know you any, Counte?

Leonato I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. Howe nowe! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he.

Claudio Stand thee by Frier, father by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maide your daughter?

Leonata As freely ſonne as God did giue her mee.

Claudio And what haue I to giue you backe whoſe woorth
May counterpoiſe this rich and pretious gift?

Princo Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Claudio Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honor:
Behold how like a maide ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exteriot ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato What do you meane, my lord?

Claudio Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approoued wanton.

Leonato Deere my lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeate of her virginitie.

Claudio I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne her,

You